

## A SUCCESSFUL SALESMAN.

Sold Sea Water and When Tide Went Out Purchaser Thought Him a Wonder.

The late Thomas Brackett Reed used to relate the following incident which happened one summer while he was spending a few days in a small fishing village on the New England coast, says the New York Times.

A young countryman who had been advised to take sea baths registered at the village hotel one evening, and shortly afterward sauntered down to the beach. Espying a grizzled old fisherman mending his nets beneath a sign which informed one that he had boats and tackle to let and bait for sale, he accosted the veteran and asked him if the water was not for sale also. On receiving an affirmative reply, the countryman returned to the hotel, obtained a couple of buckets, and having paid the price asked, filled them and returned to his room to carry out the doctor's instructions.

On the following morning he happened down at the beach when the tide was out, and after contemplating the broad receding beaches for some minutes, approached his acquaintance of the evening before and remarked in a tone of admiration: "Gosh! but you must have done some business last night."

## Explained His Assertion.

By the use of the saline solution the cheerful idiot, who had been punched in the jaw for a previous offense, was revived.

"What did you mean?" asked the anxious watchers, "when you said that you saw him draw a revolver?"

"Perhaps the statement should be qualified," he admitted, in a dazed way. "She was sketching a merry-go-round, you know."

## Before It Happened.

"Extra! Extra!" called the newsboy. "All about the explosion!"

Just at that moment a terrible noise made the bystanders jump, and one of them asked:

"What's that?"

"Dat's de explosion," said the newsboy. "Here's de extra all about it."—Herald and Press.

## Care of the Hair.

It is now generally agreed that many of the shampoos in use are injurious to the hair. The best treatment is frequent brushing and absolute cleanliness. Wash the hair in a lather of Ivory Soap and rinse thoroughly. Let the last water be cool, as it closes the pores of the skin and prevents dandruff.

ELEANOR R. PARKER.

## Where the Mask Comes In.

Patience—He married a woman with money, I believe.

Patience—Yes, she's got all kinds of money.

"Homely, I suppose?"

"Frightfully! But he doesn't mind it. You see, they spend most of their time in their automobile, and she wears a mask."

## Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Powder. A certain cure for swollen, sweating, hot, aching feet. At all druggists, 25c. Accept no substitutes. Trial package FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Men feel sorry for a woman who has to support herself; they feel sure she would be much happier doing housework without salary for a husband.—N. Y. Press.

Pits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free \$2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

Separating and becoming reconciled isn't a patch to a problem of not separating and becoming reconciled.—N. Y. Press.

Do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—J. F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

To ask personal questions in society is impudent; to answer them, criminal.—Everybody's Magazine.

Dogs may delight to bark and bite, but at any rate they don't use a hammer.—Puck.

## AN OLD MAN'S TRIBUTE.

An Ohio Fruit Raiser, 78 Years Old, Cured of a Terrible Case after Ten Years of Suffering.

Sidney Justus, fruit dealer, of Mentor, Ohio, says: "I was cured by Doan's Kidney Pills of a severe case of kidney trouble, of eight or ten years' standing. I suffered the most severe backache and other pains in the region of the kidneys. These were especially severe when stooping to lift anything and often I could hardly straighten my back. The aching was bad in the day time, but just as bad at night, and I was always lame in the morning. I was bothered with rheumatic pains and dropsical swelling of the feet. The urinary passages were painful and the secretions were discolored and so free that often I had to rise at night. I felt tired all day. Half a box served to relieve me, and three boxes effected a permanent cure."

A TRIAL FREE—Address Postmaster, Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents.

## PISO'S TABLETS

The New Boon for Woman's Ills.

ILENT suffering from any form of female disorder is no longer necessary. Many modest women would rather die by inches than consult anyone, even by letter, about their private troubles. PISO'S TABLETS attack the source of the disease and give relief from the start. Whatever form of illness afflicts you, our interesting treatise, Cause of Diseases in Women, will explain your trouble and our method of cure. A copy will be mailed free with a Generous Sample of the Tablets, to any woman addressing:

## THE PISO COMPANY

Clark and Liberty Streets, WARREN, PA.

## Strawberry and Vegetable Dealers

The Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad Company has recently issued a publication known as Circular No. 12, in which is described the best territory in this country for the growing of early strawberries and early vegetables. Every dealer in such products should address a postal card to the undersigned at PEORIA, Ill., requesting a copy of Circular No. 12.

## "GIDDAP, PETE!"

They's a man 'at drives a team Down by our house ev'ry day Haulin' stones so big it seems Like you can't guess what they weigh. An' this man 'at drives 'em, he Hollers while he goes down street Where it's rough as rough can be— He ist hollers: "Giddap, Pete!"

"Giddap, Pete!" "At's all he says, Nen he gives his whip a crack An' th' horse name Pete obeys. Other horse's name is Jack, 'Cause one time he stop to rest An' he clumb down off th' seat An' I ast. He says: "Pete's best. That one's Jack. Well, giddap, Pete!"

But th' horse name Pete, why he Pulls th' mostest, anyhow, An' it's hard for me to see Why th' man makes such a row Hollerin' at him like that; Jack don't hardly move his feet An' he's lazy, too, an' fat— But th' man yells: "Giddap, Pete!"

My pa laugh when I ast why 'At man yells at Pete, an' nen Says: "You'll find out by an' by. Horses is a lot like men— Those 'at can 's th' ones 'at's got To pull on th' lazy chaps. He might yell 'Jack,' but he'll not, 'Cause he knows 'at Pete giddaps!" —W. D. N., in Chicago Daily Tribune.

## The Delinquent

By FRANK H. SWEET

(Copyright, 1904, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

"YOU will remain in and study the lesson two hours," said the white-haired schoolmaster, grimly. "If you do not get it in that time I shall punish you, as I would any of the other boys. I shall make no exception."

The "boy" was a stalwart, finely-formed man of 30, with clear eyes and good-natured face. There was a humorous appreciation of the situation in his eyes as he raised them to the old man, who was scarcely more than half his own weight. But all he said was, "That's right, schoolmaster; you mustn't show partiality. But I've done the best I could."

The schoolmaster regarded him for some moments with unqualified disapproval, then turned and walked toward his desk. But half way there he paused suddenly, a cloud coming to his face. After a little hesitation he returned to the man.

"I do not want to fail in my duty to any of the boys, Calvin Hepstead," he said, "and if I have misjudged you in any way, in jot or tittle, I wish to rectify it. You have been with me three months now, and have learned the letters and a few figures. But there you suddenly stop, through obstinacy or indifference or inability, I do not know which, though I judge the former. Since the Indian summer brought you something three days ago you have done little but look through the window. I never expel any of my scholars; I prefer to punish. Sometimes that measure succeeds where others fail. Can you advance any reason whatever, Calvin Hepstead, why you should not be punished?"

"None whatever, Mr. Peters," the man answered, quietly. "I've succeeded in about every undertaking I've tried, an' some of 'em were pretty big ones. If I don't learn the lesson I should be punished, of course."

The schoolmaster looked at the strong, self-contained face with something very like wistfulness mingling with the disapproval of his eyes.

"Yes, it is obstinacy," he said at last slowly, more to himself than the other. "Any one can learn if he tries. A failure to do so should be corrected."

He went to his desk and examined exercises for half an hour, then walked back and forth across the small room, finally stopping again beside Hepstead. "I am going out to supper now, but will be back in an hour and hear your lesson," he said.

The man nodded without looking up from a slate which lay on the desk before him. He was trying to form figures from a copy across the top of the slate, and to combine them in a simple sum of addition; but the great fingers were better fitted for the stock of a rifle or the helve of an axe or a paddle handle than for a slate pencil, and the brain behind the wrinkling brows, which was keen to read the mysteries and wiles of primitive nature, grew dull and vacuous before a problem that would have been easy for an ordinary boy of seven. Presently the fixed stare left the slate and went to the window and beyond to the great forest, whose edge showed in the distance, and then the eyes began to warm and glow. When Mr. Peters' steps were heard returning the slate was pushed aside quietly and the man's arms were folded across his chest. The schoolmaster's inquiring look was answered by one of absolute content.

"So you have done it," the schoolmaster said, with an accent of relief in his voice. The affirmation seemed plain in the man's eyes.

"No, sir, I ain't done it."

"What!" The relief became surprise, and the surprise wrath. "Not done it, and sitting there looking through the window. Come to my desk, sir!"

Hepstead followed him smilingly. The schoolmaster selected the heaviest of his rulers.

"Hold out your hand," Hepstead did so, and the ruler descended upon his palm with all the force of the old man's arm, making a long, livid line upon which the skin began to rise. A half dozen more lines rained alongside it in quick succession, and then the ruler fell as though the punishment were over. But Hepstead was still smiling.

"Hold out your other hand," ordered the schoolmaster, grimly. Then, as the man complied and that hand was also crossed with livid lines, "Now, go. To-morrow we will commence over again."

## "We'll say good-by to-night, schoolmaster," Hepstead answered. "I'm goin' away—back into my woods."

There was no anger in the voice, no trace of resentment—nothing, indeed, but friendliness and exultation. The schoolmaster stared.

"Why did you submit to this punishment, then?" he demanded.

"Oh, it was comin' to me, I guess. I didn't learn the lesson, an' I don't want any partiality. I always give what I owe an' take what's due me. Ye may tell the boys good-by to-morrow, an' say I'd liked to have seen more of 'em. Generally I've been kept in recesses an' at noon an' night, so we ain't had much chance to get acquainted. Likely I shall never be out this way any more."

"And you are going away," said the schoolmaster, with strong condemnation in his voice. "I have not had much faith in you, Calvin Hepstead, but I thought better than this. You came here for an education, and have been with me only three months. I have never had a scholar quite so weak as you, and," throwing out his hands with a sudden gesture of renunciation, "I do not wish to remember that you have been with me. My life is teaching, and I do not like failures. Now you may go."

"I want a few words with ye, first," insisted Hepstead. "We musn't part in misunderstanding."

"I do not wish to hear. Go!"

He was turning away when Hepstead caught him suddenly in his arms, as he might a child, and then seated himself upon a chair with the wrathful schoolmaster struggling upon his knees.

"Easy, easy, Mr. Peters," he said, soothingly. "I jest want to say a few words an' then ye can go. Mebbe ye did git a little ahead in that lickin' an' th' sort o' even up. Now ye say I'm the weakest scholar ye've ever had, an' I guess likely ye're right. But it's this way. You've been brung up in learnin', an' I've heered say your pa an' grandpa was schoolmasters. Letters an' figgers are mixed up thick in your blood. With me it's diffrunt. My pa an' grandpa didn't know their letters, like me. We belonged to the woods."

"Why didn't you stay there?" snapped the schoolmaster, still struggling to release himself.

"Well, ye see I'd done some good-sized things that brought me friends an' a pretty big pile o' money, an' I s'pose I got to feelin' mighty friendly toward myself. When my friends said the only thing I needed was education, an' kept on sayin' it, I got to thinkin' mebbe they was right, an' come here."

"H'm!" The schoolmaster ceased to struggle against the impossible and sat quietly upon the knee. "And now you are going back to show your friends that they were mistaken in their good opinion."

Hepstead laughed with the gleefulness of a boy at the approaching holiday.

"No," he answered. "I've jest thought some more an' found 't would be a mistake to keep on makin' a mistake. I'm meant for the woods. I've done good work there, an' can do more, an' it's a strong, hearty life. I could study an' git an education, I know, for I've never yet set out for a thing that I didn't git; but 't would take the best part o' my life. I'm slow at such things, an' would have to dig out every letter an' figger with a pickaxe, one at a time. An' in the end would it be worth the trouble? All my intr'ust is back yonder in the woods, an' we don't need much learnin' there. Then I've got this."

He allowed one hand to slip down over the schoolmaster's shoulder until it reached the other hand, which had drawn a small package from his pocket. This was carefully untied and opened and then held before the schoolmaster's face.

"Know what 't is?" he asked.

"Why, I think—yes, it is a faded rose bud, a wild variety that grows among the rocks."

"That's right," with a rapturous chuckle. "The Indian summer brought it. There's a girl back where I come from, the prettiest an' best one in all the world, but she's like me in not knowin' a letter or figger. When I come here she bid me Godspeed, for even though she believed the learnin' would draw me away from her, she thought 't would be for my good. That rose bud was picked at our first understandin', an' her sendin' it means she ain't so strong as she thought an' can't give me up; an' I, schoolmaster, with a sudden boyish laugh that shook his huge frame, "made up my mind ten days ago that I was payin' too big a price for the learnin'. I'm goin' back to her, straight. That's all. Now ye can go. I only wanted ye to understand the reason. Mebbe there's been a girl somewhere an' at some time that you used to know."

He released the prisoner and rose to his full height, stretching himself finally from the thralldom of the schoolroom. The schoolmaster stood for a moment gazing at the floor. Then he held out his hand.

"I wish you well, Hepstead," he said, in a low voice. "It may be you are right."

## The Ruling Powers.

For love men labor and are wise, For love men have been won from crime; For love men have the wish to rise, For love men have become sublime.

But who has ever gained esteem Or won a place among the great, Or added to the world a gleam Of loveliness because of hate?

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

At the Ascot races King Edward wore a blue frock coat, a purple tie, white gaiters and a red flower. If he had only carried a wrist bag he would have matched Harry Lehr's record for freakish attire.

## ARTISTS AND PICTURES.

The pictures and drawings which were at one time a feature of the once celebrated Chat Noir have been recently sold in Paris. The collection only brought \$2,800.

The three most important prizes awarded this year by the Berlin Academy of Fine Arts went to Hans Muller and Herbert Arnold, painters, and Alexander Hohnath, architect.

Clemon Brown, the well-known Washington architect, has been elected an honorary corresponding member of the Royal Institute of British Architects. Only six other American architects have been honored in this way.

Last February the Louvre bought for \$19,000 the sculptured stele known as that of King Serpent, supposed to have been found at Abydos, but doubts are expressed as to its authenticity, and an investigation has been ordered.

John S. Sargent, whom three countries claim, America for his parentage, Italy for the chance of his birth and England for his adoption, has received an election to the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colors. He has three water colors in the current exhibition: "Facade of the Salute, Venice," "Grand Canal," "A Venetian Trattoria" and "A Garden Vase."

The collection of paintings by native Filipino artists in the art gallery of the Administration building on the Philippine reservation at the St. Louis exposition offers, it is said, a graphic story of the Spanish dynasty, the war which wrought its downfall and the new authority of the United States. Most of the canvases are excellent specimens of art, and doubtless no feature of the exposition will surprise visitors more than that these paintings should have come out of the Philippine Islands. One of the canvases represents the death of Gen. Lawton, and is a wonderfully exact representation, according to soldiers who were present when that gallant leader fell.

## POINTS OF PROGRESS.

Surveys are being made for a ditch, which will cause the waters of the Grand river, in Colorado, to flow over the Continental Divide into the Cache la Poudre river. The canal will run for 10,000 feet up the mountain side, and is expected to divert 300,000 feet of water daily, for irrigation purposes.

Iceland, cut off from the rest of the world save for slow mails, is to be linked to other countries by means of wireless telegraphic connection with the Shetland Islands. This is to follow the action of the Icelandic parliament, at its last session, in voting a yearly subsidy of \$9,380 for 20 years for that purpose.

Along the international boundary of the Canadian northwest 20 years ago was an acreage of 250,000 under crop, yielding 1,200,000 bushels of wheat. Now the acreage is over 4,000,000, and the annual yield 110,000,000 bushels, while population, acreage and output are augmenting at a rate no other country can approach.

Under a new Pennsylvania law applications have been made to State Highway Commissioner Hunter from 52 places for state aid in building 106 miles of improved highway. The applications come from all parts of the state, and it is doubtful if there will be money enough available for all the demands of the first year.

Colonization projects are proving very popular in the agricultural districts of Colorado. Negotiations are pending for the purchase of 5,000 acres of land, in a 12-mile strip, along the Arkansas river, in southern Colorado, for the establishment of a colony of ranchmen. A large party of people from Illinois is making arrangements to settle in the famous San Luis valley, on a tract of several thousand acres.

## MARKET REPORT.

Cincinnati, Aug. 10.	
CATTLE—Common	\$2 75 @ 4 00
Heavy steers	4 85 @ 5 15
CALVES—Extra	5 00 @ 5 75
LOGS—Ch. packers	5 65 @ 5 70
Mixed packers	5 60 @ 5 65
SHEEP—Extra	3 60 @ 3 75
LAMBS—Extra	6 30 @ 6 40
FLOUR—Spring pat.	5 50 @ 5 75
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	98 @ 1 00
No. 3 winter	90 @ 90
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	54 1/2 @ 54 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	70 @ 71
RYE—No. 2	12 @ 12 1/2
HAY—Ch. Timothy	12 @ 12 1/2
PORK—Mess	6 25 @ 6 25
LARD—Steam	10 @ 10
BUTTER—Ch. dairy	19 @ 19
Choice creamery	2 75 @ 3 25
APPLES—Choice	1 50 @ 1 60
POTATOES—New	5 25 @ 12 25
TOBACCO—New	4 75 @ 14 50
Old	4 75 @ 14 50

Chicago.	
FLOUR—Winter pat.	@ 4 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	1 07 @ 1 08
No. 3 spring	94 @ 1 05
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	53 1/2 @ 53 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	32 1/2 @ 32 1/2
RYE—No. 2	69 @ 71
PORK—Mess	12 1/2 @ 12 1/2
LARD—Steam	6 00 @ 6 62 1/2

New York.	
FLOUR—Win. str's.	4 50 @ 4 75
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	@ 1 03 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	@ 53 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	41 @ 43
PORK—Family	13 50 @ 15 50
LARD—Steam	@ 7 25

Baltimore.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	95 1/2 @ 95 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	@ 56 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	@ 41
CATTLE—Steers	5 55 @ 5 80
HOGS—Western	@ 6 40

Louisville.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	@ 96
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	@ 56
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	@ 43
LARD—Steam	@ 7 75
PORK—Mess	@ 13 50

Indianapolis.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	@ 95
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	@ 52
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	@ 31

## OMISSION TO BE RECTIFIED.

Expert Testimony Which Condemned Served Also to Enlighten.

Prince Hohenlohe, during his recent visit to New York, commended the wines of America. He praised especially the California red wines, which seemed, he said, to be exceedingly pure, relates the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Then, apropos of wine's purity, the prince narrated a recent happening in Berlin. "A Berlin vintner," he said, "was accused of selling a wine made of chemicals. He was brought to court, found guilty, and fined."

"After he had paid his fine, he approached the chemist whose testimony had convicted him. 'How did you know?' he said, curiously, 'that my wine was manufactured?' 'Because it contained no bitartrate of potash,' said the chemist. 'In natural wines bitartrate of potash is always found.' 'Thanks,' said the vintner, in a tone of relief. 'It will be found in my wines hereafter.'"

## Still More Evidence.

Bay City, Ill., August 8 (Special).—Mr. K. F. Henley, of this city, adds his evidence to that published almost daily that a sure cure for Rheumatism is now before the American people, and that that cure is Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Henley had acute Rheumatism. He has used Dodd's Kidney Pills. He says of the result:

"After suffering for sixteen years with Rheumatism and using numerous medicines prescribed by doctors, I at last tried Dodd's Kidney Pills with the result that I got more benefit from them than all the others put together."

"Dodd's Kidney Pills were the only thing to give me relief, and I recommend them to all suffering from Acute Rheumatism. Rheumatism is caused by Uric Acid in the blood. Healthy kidneys take all the Uric Acid out of the blood. Dodd's Kidney Pills make healthy kidneys."

## Natural Question.

"Boss," began the beggar, "won't yer help a poor—"

"See here!" interrupted Goodheart, "I gave you some money last week."

"Well, gee whizz! ain't yer earned any more since?"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

## The Leap Year Girl.

Her task wasn't pleasing, for William was teasing, but their marriage proves she won the day. All her troubles uncounted were at last summed up, where there's a will there's a way.—Washington Star.

"Why don't my flowers grow taller?" asked the young wife. "Well, 'Well,' explained the florist, "the beds are pretty hard, and mebbe they don't sleep well."—Cleveland Leader.

A lot of men are unable to prove that the world owes them a living.—Chicago Daily News.

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For all kinds and sizes of Store Buildings. We furnish all material entering into the construction of Store Fronts. Write us about your proposed building and state dimensions and style of front and we will send you, FREE OF CHARGE, an elegant Blue Print Plan, and quote you an extremely low price on one of our popular

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GUARANTEED CURE for all bowel troubles, appendicitis, biliousness, bad breath, bad blood, wind on the stomach, foul mouth, headache, indigestion, pimples, pains after eating, liver trouble, yellow complexion and dizziness. When your bowels don't move regularly you are sick. Consumption kills more people than all other diseases together. You will never get well and stay well until you put your bowels right. Start with CABARET today under absolute guarantee to cure or money refunded. Sample and booklet free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

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Mackinac, Georgian Bay, The Soo, Huronia Beach, Pt. Aux Bois, Hundreds of Islands and Coast Resorts. The air of Michigan is a known specific for Hay Fever, Asthma and Kindred Disorders. Let us talk the matter over with you, our agent will gladly call. Write for Booklet and Information.

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All our trains stop at our World's Fair Station at the Main Entrance, near the Big Hotels on the way to Union Station.

The only line having a station near the Fair Grounds.

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**SUMMER IN THE COOL NORTHWEST**

The CH & D runs through trains to Chicago connecting there with roads for the famous Wisconsin Resorts, also for Yellowstone Park, Alaska, Colorado and the West.

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LOW ROUND TRIP RATES

Write or call for Information

**D. G. EDWARDS, Passenger Traffic Manager, Cincinnati, Ohio**

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The Southwest is inviting. The crops are good; conditions and prospects were never more favorable. Indian Territory, Oklahoma and Texas are in need of people and offer plenty of opportunities for investments of capital and labor. Rates are low. Round-trip tickets on sale from St. Louis, August 9 and 23 and September 13 and 27, via M. & K. & T. Ry., as follows:

Oklahoma City..... \$15.00  
Denison.....  
Fort Worth.....  
Dallas.....  
Waco.....  
Austin.....  
San Antonio.....  
Houston.....  
Galveston.....

and all intermediate points.

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